

Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 when like Apollo he came forth to warne
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweate,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Vpon the Muses anuile: turne the same,
 (And him selfe with it) that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Lines in his issue, euen so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned, and true filed lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.



Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous
 Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM
 SHAKESPEARE.

THose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
 You Britaines braue; for done are Shakespeares dayes:
 His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
 Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
 Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
 Turn'd all to teares, and Phæbus clouds his rayes:
 That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
 Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
 If Tragedies might any Prologue haue,
 All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
 Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
 (Deaths publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is.
 For though his line of life went soone about,
 The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND.